

# DREYFUS'S OWN STORY.

Heart-rending Narrative of the Prisoner, Who Tells in His Own Words of His Struggle Against Despair and Suicide.

ALFRED DREYFUS, the victim of the foulest conspiracy that ever disgraced a nation, kept a record while in jail of the manner in which he was treated, and also of the emotions which the charges against him aroused.

Now that justice has triumphed and Dreyfus is returning to a fair and open trial, it becomes of peculiar interest to read what he experienced when his secret mock trial began.

Dreyfus wrote these notes while in the military prison of Cherche-Midi in November and December, 1894. They served as his defence at the trial before the Council of War, at which he was not present.

They were kept secret by the Government, but the Paris Figaro has obtained them and published them.

ON Saturday, October 13, I received a letter directing me to be on Monday, the 15th, at 9 a. m. at the War Office, for general inspection.

I reach the office on the Monday. I am ushered into the room of the head of the general staff. There I see Major Du Paty de Clam and other persons in civil dress whom I did not know.

I am told to seat myself at a table, and Major Du Paty de Clam sits beside me, looking savagely at me.

I begin already to be puzzled. The Major then invites me to write a letter from dictation. I am more and more

"I reach the War puzzled. Suddenly he says to me:

"Your hand shakes."

"Not at all," I say; "my fingers are cold."

I continue writing, more and more amazed. Scarcely have I finished when he rises, falls on me, and in a thundering voice says:

"In the name of the law I arrest you. You are accused of high treason."

My blood rushes to my head. At the same time two men in civilian dress fall on me and search me. I become mad and haggard.

"An officer is not arrested like that," I exclaim; "give me at least an inkling of the infamy which you allege me to have committed. I am innocent; I am the victim of an infernal plot."

"The proofs are overwhelming," was the reply. "The President of the Republic and the Cabinet are informed of your arrest."

My reason gave way. I was questioned and know not what I answered.

I was then conveyed to prison by Major Henry and a detective. I raved, and remember nothing except that I was accused of treason. In prison I was kept in solitary confinement, treated like a prisoner, left to myself.

During the seventeen days which followed I underwent several interrogations in my cell by the judicial officer. He came toward evening with his clerk, hatred in his eyes, insult on his lips, when my tortured brain was at the last extremity.

What I heard in those sad and gloomy days! My heart still thrills. I did not know half the time what I answered. "I know not what I was always told—"It is all up with you. Providence alone can extricate you." But in my feverish brain I invented story after story to explain a riddle which, simpleton that I was, I could not guess.

I constantly asked for proofs of the accusation, but these were refused me. Is not a criminal first shown the weapon of his crime, and asked whether he identifies it? The weapon of my alleged crime was a letter. Why was it not shown to me? The judicial officer and his clerk made me say all they chose. I had no consciousness, nor did I believe it necessary to defend myself against an accusation.

One evening, on asking to be at last told, the clerk replied:

"Suppose your watch was found in a pocket where it had no business to be."

The judicial officer nodded assent. I then understood that documents of mine had been stolen. My imagination went to work. I remembered a long correspondence which I had had while at the Second Bureau with Captain Hadamard respecting the preparation at the War School.

"Other documents," I said to myself, "will also have been stolen from the Second Bureau."

I remembered a closet locked with only one key, and with no secret padlock. On these data I constructed a

"I became literally fresh story.

And I became mad with indignation and grief. One day, when I said to the judicial officer, "How can you believe that I, an Alsatian, to whom the Germans refuse all passports, can be a traitor?" he replied, "It was the better to conceal your game."

On another evening the judicial officer said, "They are on the track of your accomplices. Arrests are imminent, and you will be sent accordingly before the civil or the military jurisdiction."

I became literally mad, and saw myself entangled in an inextricable plot. Another evening the judicial officer said to me:

"Your arrest is secret, yet it is known in all German conclaves, and they tremble and are throwing you over."

The night which followed was the most fearful of all. I was near killing myself. I had hours of frenzy. In the middle of the night, in a feverish moment, I prepared to hang myself to the window bars, but my conscience was awake and said:

"If thou diest everybody will believe thee to be guilty. Thou must live, whatever happens, to explain to the world that thou art innocent."

No man in this world ever suffered like me. . . . "I saw myself entangled in a knot."

SECOND NOTE.

My brain sometimes refuses to comprehend so arbitrary an arrest. What? A man can thus be arrested, his honor ruined, his name and family dishonored, and he can be driven mad simply because an expert declares his writing to resemble that of an infamous letter, though this man has an irreproachable past and cannot have been tempted through poverty. Nobody has seen him or caught him in the act, yet he is arrested, and to make him entirely lose his reason there is flung in his face: "Overwhelming charges rest on you."

During the preliminary investigation of the officer he is told: "It is all up with you; nothing can save you."

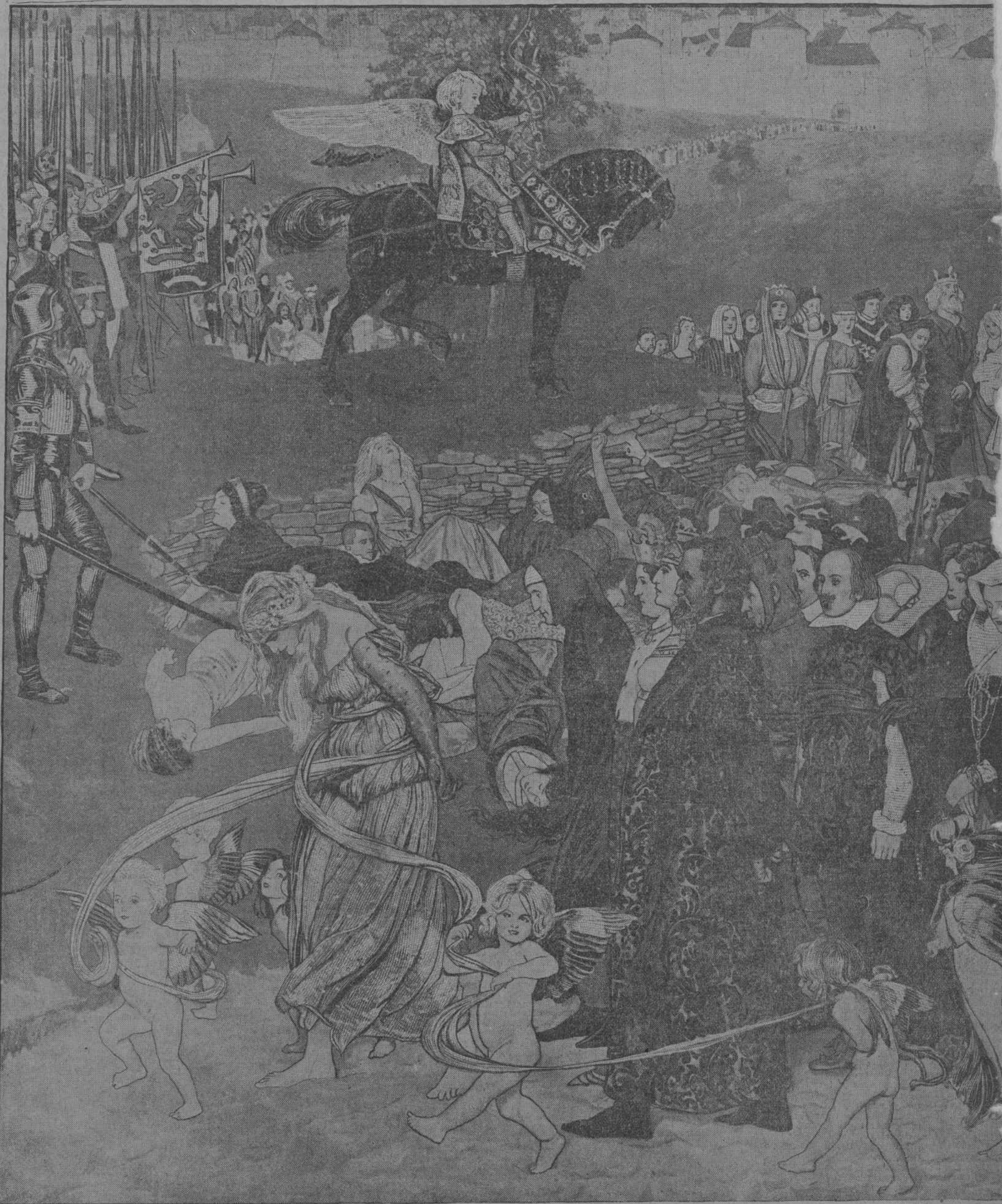
Finally, after that officer has been kept in solitary confinement for months, after everything has been searched, the overwhelming charges disappear, and yesterday, when the Government Commissary informed me that I should be sent before a court-martial, he said to me: "The presumptions are sufficiently established to justify your being tried."

Thus the overwhelming charges of the first day and the "It is all up" of the following days, became after two months only presumptions.

Well, I here declare it emphatically a monstrous infamy. Indescribable baseness has been committed against

all up with me. I have had to deal, not with investigators, but with executioners.

# "LOVE, THE THE ART SENSATION OF EUROPE--THE MOST



HELEN OF TROY.

DANTE.  
MICHAEL ANGELO.  
CLEOPATRA.  
DEAN SWIFT.  
BEATRICE.

SHAKESPEARE.  
RICHARD III.  
ROMEO AND JULIET.

MARY.  
QUEEN OF SCOTS.  
D'ARTAGNAN.

Photograph of Mr. Byam Shaw's notable exhibit at the Royal Academy, London, exemplifying the new English school of symbolist bodyguard of spearmen in scarlet tunics. The little god throws back his head with scornful indifference as a procession of his victim has much merit; its composition also is admirable, but the coloring is in effect tremendous rather than harmonious.

## MICROBES WE COULD

The following scrap of manuscript in Dreyfus's handwriting was also found in his cell. Curiously, it is his opinion—a very hostile one—of Emile Zola, who was to save his life.

The Ecole Naturaliste was founded under the influence of the literary doctrines of Taine. Zola is its most brilliant representative, and he asserts having been inspired not only by Taine, but also by the works of the physiologists of the Claude Bernard school!

The theory of the experimental novel is the most colossal error possible to be conceived. M. Zola has once existing between ex-

in a laboratory and the pre-

On this ground we are forced

tensions of M. Zola.

The psychology of his

desire to furnish scientific

overlooked the influence of

side of the question. All that

bonshommes is that they are

that I declare it monstrous

denies to Zola is imagination.

His novels are sometimes heavy and coarse poems, but they are, nevertheless, poems; his descriptions are graphic, living. In short, Zola is incapable of making his creations live since he is totally lacking in a sense of the psychological; but he has imagination, the gift of stirring the masses, of giving visions sometimes disproportionate to the nature of the thing seen, and of representing grand ideas.

never perceived the differences actually conducted tended experiments of a passes in the author's brain. to condemn the scientific pre-

novels is very limited. In his data Zola has completely the soul—the psychological can in general be said of his

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THE maleficent germ is known to all men. Its atrocities are telegraphed to the newspapers, discussed in clubs, and shuddered at in the family circle. Who has not heard of the microbes of cholera, leprosy and the plague? Who has not execrated the small assassins that lurk in our drinking water and contaminate our milk? Their deeds are so notorious that the average man, unskilled in bacteriology, commonly imagines a microbe to be a loathly insect that squirms and bites; and he is nearly always disappointed, if not incredulous, when he sees the real thing under a microscope. "Is that all?" he asks, when he is shown an insignificant little rod or a couple of minute beads which no amount of magnification can render impressive. But though very few people know what germs are, everybody knows the mischief they can do, and the public regards a "bacillus" as a necessarily evil thing—nay, as a veritable incarnation of the principle of evil.

Now, this is very unfair to the microbes. It is a case of blackening the character of a whole family on account of the wickedness of a few of its members. And this family, far from being wholly disreputable, is largely composed of useful workers in nature's laboratory, so useful, in fact, that they are quite indispensable. A germless

world would not be worth living in. Germs, then, or microbes, are microscopic unicellular plants which produce more or less intense alterations in the substance in which they grow. Such a definition is sufficiently exact for the present purpose, and will include the budding fungi, or yeasts, and the fission fungi or bacteria, the two great groups to which belong nearly all the forms usually known as germs. They are lowly members of the vegetable kingdom; every individual consists of a single cell, showing little, if any, structural organization; all are so minute as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, except when they occur in closely packed multitudes; and all (or at least all that deserve to be called germs) have the property of profoundly altering the soil which nourishes them. In this property consists their power for good or ill.

In order to flourish, all microbes require moisture, warmth and food supply. For each species there is a certain temperature which suits it best, and a certain soil in

which it produces the largest crops. They all love darkness rather than light, and direct sunshine is very bad for them. But they do not necessarily perish when the conditions are unfavorable. They may cease to grow, and yet retain their vitality, and some species produce spores, which, like the seeds of the higher plants, have a much greater power of resistance than the vegetating forms from which they spring.

Such microscopic organisms are found in great number and variety almost everywhere round us. The superficial layers of the soil teem with them to an incredible extent. There are always many of them in water, even in our best drinking water in its natural condition. And our bodies, as well as those of lower animals, are coated, externally and internally, with swarms of micro-organisms. They do not, indeed, occur in our blood and tissues in health, but, nevertheless, we all afford hospitality to a multitude of invisible guests, which find an admirable home and nursery in por-